

**Editor's Note**

Most drugs are used for healing physical and mental ailments. Some are also used for recreational purposes, which if you aren't extremely careful, can turn them into ruin-your-life drugs. The poems and prose in this issue address some of the many aspects of drug usage today.

This is my last issue as the editor of this journal. I'd like to thank Clive Matson for the opportunity to edit *The Scribbler*. It's been great fun, thanks to the many reader-writers who sent their work for consideration for publication. It was an honor and a privilege to work with all of you.

— Kayla Sussell

**Snow White (1964)**

I love drugs:  
cocaine and heroin today for speed and warmth,  
grass for spice.

Now I dig myself.

& forget myself.

Go out for air and  
the desert street is white with

radiance  
from the sun.

Visit Lynn the Victim/  
Flip and Paul the Beautiful,  
spread a little joy around.

At ease with John without paranoia or  
any care but

my care for him.

Lose myself  
in crystal things, in textured cloth, in  
whirls of feeling and in mind zaps:

share them or  
push out warmth while the faces  
go relaxed and give back the same

& I'm able to turn off  
any bad vibrations or  
move out of their range

until dark falls

on the street &  
shafts of moonlight are put down  
from above.

I wander among them and  
through warm yellow haze  
bone weary and without pain,  
wonder how fast the day

went out:  
home in on a bed & another shot maybe.

Conjure for ease and dream-sparkled sleep.

— Clive Matson

**Acid**

She walks through the kitchen to sneak out the back door.  
Her mother is sitting in a tight ball of white terry cloth,  
head on table. The girl opens the screen, her mother shrieks,  
Where are you going at this hour. It's four in the morning.  
It is not a question. The girl, encased in army jacket  
three people too big says, Out to see the sunrise,  
do you have a problem with that. It is not a question.  
Get over here young lady. What's that in your pocket?  
It is a question. The girl pulls out some loose Kleenex.  
What else do you have in there? A flattened pack of Kools-  
two bent, broken, taped cigarettes in the pack. She shifts  
the tissues to her right pants pocket, heart pounding.  
Cigarettes can be replaced. Go, go ahead on to the beach,  
get out of here before I change my mind.

The girl sees tear swollen eyes shutting her out.  
She thanks God her Orange Sunshine and Purple Haze  
are safely wrapped in white tissue, tight against  
her hip, nestled in her jeans.

— Debby Brody

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*Bring poems or prose by you or others to share,  
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January 12 ~ February 9 ~ March 9 ~ April 13

Hosted by Kayla Sussell

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Anonymous, Jane Burnett, Michele Garside,  
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~ ❄ ~

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Workshop participants receive the Scribbler for two years, or as long as the recipient shows interest. To get on the mailing list, send an email with your name and mailing address to: [clive@matsonpoet.com](mailto:clive@matsonpoet.com)

We greatly appreciate donations, which can take the form of helping us assemble and mail the Scribbler. Or you can write a check to Clive Matson and mail it to:  
THE SCRIBBLER, 472 44th St., Oakland, CA 94609

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## The CRAZY CHILD Scribbler

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## Paris Jazz

The winter of '55 was so cold  
the river Seine froze to solid ice.  
On a frigid February night  
A neon rooftop sign blinked  
"Le Jazz Hot! Cave du Discoteque!"  
I scurried down a flight of cellar stairs  
seeking refuge from the icy streets.

I knew nothing of jazz, less of discoteques.  
Operas were my delight and string quartets.  
The music of my time curdled my mind.  
John Cage ran a private club I had no wish to join.  
Country was corny, and jazz?  
Jazz more alien than Paris.

The cellar was warm, crowded  
hazy with smoke-filled air.  
I took a seat at the bar  
and saw stacks of LP's  
and a record player  
all wedged between the wine bottles.  
When ordering, you told the barkeep  
who or what you wished to hear.

That's what discoteques did back then,  
spun sides for listening – not for dancing.

Within the cellar the din was awful.  
I heard no music – just noise.  
Steady thrums rumbled from a piano.  
Women's laughter shrieked above some horns.  
Belly-grumbling barks  
vied with slide trombones.

I stood to leave but the man beside me said,  
"You speak English, yes?"  
"Yes. Yes!"  
The taste of "yes" upon my tongue  
was music in my mouth.  
Would I join him?  
He had some pot.  
I'd never smoked but thought, "Why not?"  
We toked, huddled in a glacial doorway  
returned to the room as high as the moon.

Still too loud, the noise had mellowed.  
Time sputtered, slowed,  
seemed to stop –  
its ordinary flow  
congealed.  
When it resumed its forward motion,  
it was moving to a different tempo.  
Suddenly, time enough to hear

each note  
apart  
from all its kin  
or blended in  
a single chord.

The piano and horn  
were trading jokes  
cracking up  
and playing sounds  
not allowed  
in polite company.  
Funky farts and muffled moans  
morphed  
into witty quotes  
from other tunes  
then vanished  
into smoke-filled air.

My newly opened ears  
endowed  
these alien sounds  
a musical sense  
that speaks only  
in the present tense.  
When jazz is  
happening,  
it's brandy--chased  
with mother's milk  
grass laced  
with mescaline  
lightning in a wine glass  
thunder in a teacup  
sweeter than a candied kiss  
wiser than Talmudic wisdom  
Jazz is the music  
of my time  
here  
as a part of  
this spinning blue world.

– Kayla Sussell

**THANK YOU** to all those who contributed to the success of our mission to Paris for the European Beat Studies Network Conference in September. Without your support the trip would not have been possible. The Beats who attended impressed the conference attendees, and Clive with Gael Alcock accompanying on cello premiered *Hello Paradise, Paradise Goodbye* to an appreciative audience. The video of the premier may be viewed on YouTube in two parts at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qn6PgV8HWkw>

Upcoming this year: the EBSN Conference in Vienna Austria, Oct. 3-6, 2018. More news on that later.

## Roman Caper

1964. Word around the Lower East Side beatnik community was that there were these two unspoiled islands off the Spanish coast in the Mediterranean called Formentera and Ibiza where you could live dirt cheap. And you could get close to them for about a hundred bucks on a Yugoslav freighter that took 10 days and carried 12 passengers. My good buddy Ann was there. I had seen her off on that voyage the year before from the Brooklyn naval yard. She wrote and said, "You gotta get over here." I went, with my 6-year-old daughter, 100 bucks, and a promise from my mother to send 40 bucks a month to live on. I was not disappointed. Women in traditional garb, the islanders speaking a form of Catalan amongst themselves, a smattering of European and American "people like us." After about 6 months I decided to head down to Tangier, another Beat destination and even cheaper to live. There I ran into Carol, an acquaintance from Ibiza, and met two new ones, Cal and Bob. Cal had a get-rich scheme to smuggle bricks of kif and hash to Rome, where he assured us we would make a fortune. So we each taped two bricks onto ourselves, one in front and one in back.....and one on my 6-year-old.....I know.....Oh My God. In later years when I apologized for putting her in such danger, she said "Oh No. Don't apologize! It's one of my favorite stories!" (None of her women friends have any as good.) So as the four of us exited separately from the Tangier line to Algeciras (the armpit of Spain) ferry, they picked out Bob and took him away to be searched. Cal immediately got a cab and he, daughter Jenny, and Carol and I sped off to some nearby cheap hotel. The next morning Cal went out and rented a car for our trip to Rome. There was nothing we could do for Bob, but luckily, his parents came over from the States and bought him out. There was an automatic 6-year prison sentence for what we had done. I should add here that we had almost no cash of any country between us, just enough to gas up the rental car. The plan was to use Carol's husband's credit card. He was in LA and it was cool. We would then pay her back our share when we made the big score. We got as far as Valencia, Spain, but for some reason the card was not good in Spain, so we stopped at the American embassy there and I went in with some story and they gave us 10 bucks. It got us to the French border where the card was good again. It was also good in Italy. Unfortunately, Bob had been carrying all of Jenny's and my clothes in a big basket when he got busted, and me and Jenny were in little mu mu type dresses and flip flops. And it's snowing in Rome. It's February.

After 5 days in Rome we had sold exactly 5 dollars worth of kif (pot), and froze our asses off for 5 minutes on the Spanish Steps. Me and Carol said "Fuck this, let's go home to the islands." We took a brick apiece and got on the road to hitch back. Having no cash, just the credit card, we had to stay at really nice hotels, something I was not used to. I remember a particularly nice breakfast in Nice, overlooking the sea.....room service....good strong coffee in a silver pitcher, cream in another, fresh croissants. We grabbed any leftovers, then went down to the road to continue our hitchhike for another day, heading to Barcelona to take the overnight ferry to Ibiza.

Our last hurdle was to get the 12 bucks each for the boat because they wouldn't take the card for it. We knew an American guy from Formentera, a black bass player who was living in Barcelona. He hated Jews, me being one. Carol is Afro-American and I whispered to her out of the corner of my mouth, "Don't tell him your husband is a Jewish pharmacist!" He jerked us around for a few days and then finally gave us the 36 bucks we needed in exchange for a huge amount of smoke. During the days we were negotiating we ran into a sailor.....the American fleet was in port and he suggested coming on board and selling some. We went. Didn't sell any and only realized later that we could have gotten locked up for a big felony for a long time.

Back on the islands I sold nickel bags for as long as the brick lasted and it made a nice boost to my 40 bucks a month allowance from home. I upped my 6-dollar rent at a cave overlooking the sea on Fomentera for a one-room house nearby. It had a bed with a straw mattress that me and Jenny slept on, a kerosene stove that we cooked on, and it had a large field that we shat on. Carol found a space at the top of an old windmill nearby.

We stayed over there for another year.

I found out later that Cal joined The Living Theater who were in Rome at the time.

It was a wonderful year. And I heard the Beatles for the first time there.

— Rhoda Bartels

## Harvard Crack

Now I am increased  
Elevated to a degree  
Of magnificence  
Above the woes  
Of struggle of drear

To approach the  
Supplier is always  
A matter of risk  
And one's family and  
Social standing are  
Assessed in an instant

To score and partake  
Makes one high. The  
really good stuff...  
Oh, it's as if there  
Is no coming down  
Off it

— Jack O'Neill

## Oh Shit!

Addictions on  
a whim  
Like an illness  
Setting in  
Coming on  
..just a little  
too strong  
..to prevent  
that scream  
from within.

K.J.B. 6-11-17

— Kenny Berman

## Northern Afghanistan, 1972

The patrons were calm and friendly, like they are in opium dens everywhere. After all, we weren't complete strangers. They knew exactly why we were there, and vice versa. Through an open doorway, leading to the backyard, we watched the pipe maker, Malik, refine raw opium by cooking it in a pot over a wood fire. As the impurities burnt off, the color grew darker. Nothing is blacker, smells worse when heated, or tastes as terrible as opium.

In our hotel room that night, while rolling small malleable amounts into little balls the size of peas, our fingers could *taste* the drug's magic. A short time later, after swallowing one, the opium calmed our anxiety and we relaxed. While our taut bodies uncoiled, I began nodding in and out of dreams more intense and real than life itself. Colors in my mind appeared solid.

"Gabriella," Ray asked, "even though I know you don't do drugs, and have never been in an opium den, let me tell you how it works, okay? The smoker is on his side, one hand cradling his head. Lying opposite is the pipe maker, who inserts a long thin metal knitting needle into a glassine packet of soft, gooey refined opium. Then he heats a bead of sticky black goop over a small oil lamp, twirling the needle in a tight arc until the opium balloons into a ball, which he stuffs inside the bowl of an opium pipe. Next, using tiny tongs, he puts a hot coal on top. This causes the opium to bubble away so the smoker has to suck in the smoke rapidly. It's not like hashish, where the stoner takes a long, deep pull and holds in the smoke. For opium, it's short, rapid puffs. People do five to fifteen pipes, and hang out a few hours, hallucinating."

Anna: "Ray, talk about overdose. Remember dead girl from New Yawk?"

"Oh yeah, there's a big downside. We heard that Spanish Pedro, one of Maximo's friends wanted to seduce an American traveler in Kabul so he tricked her into doing too many pipes. Her lungs just up and quit, and she died." "Mon Dieu, poor girl," said Gabriella.

— Marvin Spector

## Tooth of Addiction

### #31 – Lower Right 2<sup>ND</sup> Molar

Addiction tooth loves the chew,  
the sexy ache, tender pressure of the socket  
juicing next the thought, next move, next panache,  
panoply, giddy gnash, gimme gimme what could possibly  
pulp and all O sweet is there a cup  
for all this vessel vein dray  
canal cauldron reservoir sluice  
bitter chalice of  
but what chalice is  
Are you the chalice?  
Is it?

#### **Brux, brux, brux away**

*a hundred thoughts, a thousand bones –  
crux, crux, crux of satiation  
is your only home*  
Crux my ass  
Cupping the surge light  
tilling bitter into child come come  
gnashing one, the light of root peals –  
here you are the man this is your ground too  
soon the pretty carnal engine chewing  
on its own regret begets a sharp  
little friend telling of the turnkeys  
turning dust into a catapult  
give mere protoplasm  
seek the glaring charm  
receive the O O my  
can you need  
more?

#### **Brux, brux, brux away**

*the candied lack, the shiny shoe –  
lux, lux, lux of ciliation  
is the root of you*  
Gnash and breathe, the urge  
meats the horny coddle of the lanky whore  
thrumming two fleshy pads on a crest of wanton  
marrow in the veins, hot bone, pectin, rush of axe,  
bereavedom – cut the shit, how's a little  
caffeine scotch codeine respect applause nicotine  
conflict methydrine sugar sugar sugar up the  
medulla oblongata  
throbbing a thick yes into  
do it you  
piece of

#### **Brux, brux, brux away**

*the urgent nerve – the molten clay  
fucks, fucks, fucks a castigation  
of the fading day*  
draining  
the drear light of  
lovely cantilever  
cracking the wild

sweet, sweet tooth  
into *delirare*  
furrowed and sublime  
ledge unravelling  
a glimpse of pure  
recalcitrant  
love – Hang on, tooth,  
this is quite a drop –  
bits and pieces  
creaking under the dear  
everything  
drained and drifting  
whole knot  
strained and  
one strand  
snaps  
and  
shows the spreading sky – –  
Bye-bye, addiction tooth.  
Bye-bye.

– Richard Loranger  
from *Poems for Teeth*

## The Wino, The Junkie, and The Lord

I was on a bench at 15<sup>th</sup> and Val  
Talking to a wino who said he believed in the Lord.  
He said he needed money for dinner at McDonald's.  
He said he wasn't asking for much.  
I gave him a dollar.  
He said he'd protect me whenever I was in the  
neighborhood.  
Because he always looked out  
For the people who helped him.  
He said he had good reasons  
for being an alcoholic.  
I told him I used to have good reasons for being an  
addict.  
He asked me where I was going  
I said to an NA meeting on Eureka Street.  
He said his daughters lived on Eureka Street.  
And he hoped they turned out okay.  
He wanted to know which drug I was addicted to.  
I said several.  
He said he wanted to know where the meeting was  
Because the streets were dangerous at night.  
He asked God to protect me.  
From the crazies in the dark.  
He turned to a yuppie who stood nearby.  
"I've got good reasons to be an alcoholic!"  
The yuppie smiles at me and shakes his head.  
The bum asked the Lord to keep us all.  
Then he stumbled off down Valencia  
The yuppie muttered something about crazies.  
Our bus arrived.

– Kathleen Wood

## Dinner with the Demon

Finally I meet his demon  
Furtive creature descended  
from the depths of his ancestry  
Sitting across from me  
stalking diners in the restaurant  
through his alcohol-alert eyes  
In the darting caged-fear way  
that made me stop frequenting zoos

His ogle eyes target others  
who guzzle his fuel  
The repair person part of me  
to the rescue with diversion  
of World War II related dialogue  
But my knowledge is nominal  
As irritating to him  
as the forty-five minute food wait

Our server has become  
the demon's next visual victim  
My dinner partner's fight to be polite  
extracts another attempt from me to entertain  
But I'm as inept at jokes  
as I am about Hitler

So I stroke the hand across from me  
with my stretched heart  
Only to understand the demon  
has deadened it to my touch  
Dinner is delivered  
just in time before he bolts  
The demon disappears  
And I begin to digest the discovery  
that I'm as unable to help as is this man

— Ellaraine Lockie

## Scab Maids on Speed

My first job was when I was about fifteen. I'd met a girl named Hope who became my best friend. Hope and I were flunking math so we became speed freaks. This honed our algebra skills and we quickly became whiz kids. For about five minutes. Then our brains started to fry and we were just teenage speed freaks.

So we decided to seek gainful employment.

We got hired as part-time maids at the Holiday Inn while a maid strike was happening. We were scab maids on speed and we were coming to clean your room.

We were subsequently fired for pilfering a Holiday Inn guest's Quaalude stash which we did only because we never thought someone would have the nerve to call the front desk and say, THE MAIDS STOLE MY LUDES MAN. But someone did — or so we surmised — because we were fired.

I suppose maybe we were fired because we never actually CLEANED but rather just turned on the vacuum so it SOUNDED like we were cleaning as we picked the pubic hairs off the sheets and out of the tub then passed out on the bed and caught up on the sleep we'd missed from being up all night speeding.

When we got fired, we became waitresses at an International Home of Pancakes.

We were much happier there.

— Maggie Estep

## Poem for Paulie

the snow is so peaceful  
when it's falling,  
covers up the garbage.  
I looked out the window  
of the church after the  
meeting last night  
& thought of Paul B.,  
"Baretta."

He's dead due to a shot  
He took in his arm  
on a rooftop in New York.  
He said he knew the needle  
was infected, realized it  
a second before he sunk it,  
just had a gut-feeling,  
paused  
& said FUCK IT.  
He died in the VA Hospital  
In full-blown dementia,  
lesions on his skin  
pockmarked face —  
snow settles on his grave.

— David Roskos

**Beginning Thursday, Feb. 15, 7 - 9pm**

## A new writers workshop (all genres) in Marin

We'll meet once a month on the third Thursday, location TBD. For those of you in the North Bay, this will be a closer destination with good writers and supportive company.

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THE SCRIBBLER needs website help to go online at [matsonpoet.com](http://matsonpoet.com). If you can assist, please tell Clive.

## Spark of Creation Creativity Writing Workshop

Clive has been invited to teach at Lendrick Lodge Holistic Retreat and Spiritual Centre. In the beautiful setting of the Scottish Southern Highlands, near famed Loch Lomond, Lendrick Lodge offers courses in shamanism, reiki, yoga and personal development, and teachers with a deep commitment to humanity and the planet. Dates are Oct. 22 - 28, 2018.

For more about the workshop and Lendrick Lodge, go to <http://lendricklodge.com/course/spark-creation-creativity-workshop/>

THE SCRIBBLER Total expenses: **\$405.81**  
Total income from donors: \$161 (*thank you!*)

**PLEASE DONATE** to keep the publication going.

## Writing Costa Rica

**TWO SESSIONS IN FEB. 2018**

Register by October 1, 2017

Cost: \$1,400 per session

(*single occupancy: \$1800*)

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Jan. 20 to Jan. 27; Jan. 27 to Feb. 3

Clive Matson, Facilitator

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